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SEPTEMBER 3, 1958

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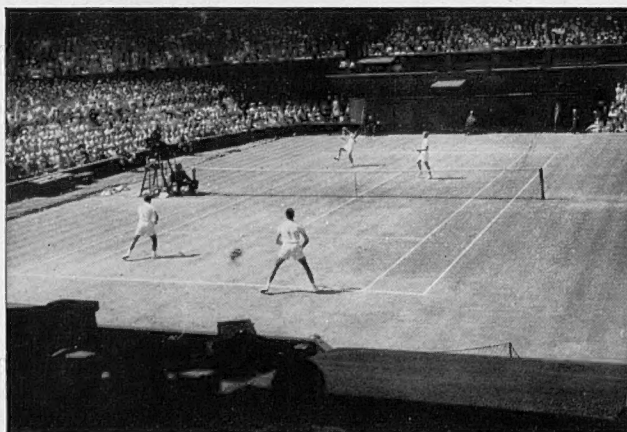
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His early life seemed to promise a great future. Educated nowhere near the humble cot of a rough farmer, his school reports were always good, especially actually for maths and geom. Top in trig., he was obviously destined for the Massachusetts Institute of Technology where he majored in economics, got the autograph of Hartley Withers, and read the life of Lord Keynes twice.

The remarkable fact remained, however, that in spite of his tiny job in the City (correct) it remained tiny (wrong). The more he studied international retarded bonds, payments per bend, and the dollar tranche, the less well he did actually financially. Indeed he never even began to get going until he discovered that so far as the Higher Money is concerned, instinct is the only true guide; and he never truly made good until he proceeded by a system of hunches and winks, a glance at what the stars foretell, a sixpenny horoscope from Brighton Pier out of a slot machine, and a special method, after a long stare at the tea-leaves in the bottom of his tea-cup at breakfast, of walking along Threadneedle Street without treading on a crack between paving stones.

Written by Stephen Potter; designed by George Him



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pullovers and waistcoats.

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men's sweaters

by **Holyrood**

WHERE *to* go...WHAT *to* see

Planning your programme

BY ANDREW HALL

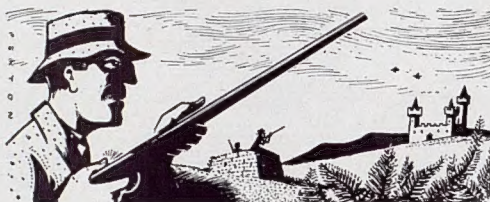
THE Edinburgh Festival, now in its second week, still overshadows other events. With 12 new international ballets, T. S. Eliot, and the United States officially represented in the Tattoo, this is reckoned to be the best Festival for 10 years. The Military Tattoo is performed nightly during the three weeks (except Thursday and Sunday) and ends on the 13th with a fabulous firework display. Seats vary in price from 5s. to 12s. 6d. As the stands are open-air, go prepared for rain—though the Tattoo claims that in 10 years there has not been a single cancellation due to the weather. Do not worry if you should find yourself in Edinburgh without a hotel reservation. The Edinburgh Festival Society Ltd. (Synod Hall, Castle Terrace, Edinburgh, 1) can almost certainly fix you up. They will also provide advance tickets for the Tattoo.

Speaking of hotels, on grouse moors and in first-class shooting country, shoots or individual guns can be hired, but excellent "rough" shooting can also be had by guests at several country hotels. Incidentally, check that your firearm licence is valid. They cost only 10s. but expire on 31 July each year.

In London Emlyn Williams has arrived at the Globe Theatre for a limited season of his highly successful *A Boy Growing Up*, from the stories of his fellow-countryman Dylan Thomas. This will be followed on the 24th by Eugene O'Neill's *Long Day's Journey Into Night*, starring Anthony

Quayle and Gwen Ffrangcon-Davies. (It is being presented first at Edinburgh's Lyceum Theatre on 8 September.)

For an end-of-holiday treat why not take yourself to Farnborough Air Display (5th-7th)?



Fathers will enjoy it—even if the family needs persuading. For a flutter, the St. Leger of course, at Doncaster (10th).



THE TATLER TEAM TIPS

(from recent contributions):

Endorsed eating

BY ISAAC BICKERSTAFF

The Estoril, Denman Street. "Genuine Portuguese food . . . at reasonable prices."

La Surprise, Bistro Parisienne, Knightsbridge Green. "Cuisine Française of excellent quality and imagination in a very Toulouse-Lautrec atmosphere."

Chez Kristof, 12 St. Albans Grove, W.8. "Polish and Russian food. There is candlelight in the

evenings and soft music. . . . sauces are a strong point."

Praised plays

BY ANTHONY COOKMAN

For Adults Only (Strand Theatre). "It is a quick-witted, cheerful evening. Hardly an actor or play in London or any radio or television programme comes unscathed out of this revue."

The Party (New Theatre). "Charles Laughton seems to absorb the play . . . a play of suburban failure and frustration . . . but far from depressing."

Not In The Book (Criterion Theatre). "Wilfrid Hyde White preserves his humorous imperturbability . . . and gets wonderfully good unobtrusive comic support . . . lightly touched with humorous surprises."

Fancied films

BY ELSPETH GRANT

Don Quixote. "I do hope you will see this film—though I warn you it may break your heart . . . a thing of rare beauty photographed in excellent colour."

Gunman's Walk. "This is a well-written film, well-directed. Mr. Van Heflin gives an excellent performance."

A Night To Remember. "Kenneth More's performance is memorable . . . from a vast and splendid cast . . . an agonizingly vivid account . . . excellently directed . . . grips, chills and mystifies."

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The TATLER

& BY ANDER

Vol. CCXXII. No. 2982

3 September 1958

TWO SHILLINGS



Mike Davis

PERSONALITY

France's Fonteyn

YVETTE CHAUVIRÉ is the Margot Fonteyn of France. She is such an institution there that she is known as "La Chauviré nationale." The talent responsible for this reputation is now on display at Covent Garden, where Yvette Chauviré is dancing as guest artiste. This picture was taken in the wings there as she dipped her points in the resin box.

Yvette Chauviré is a true Parisienne. She was born in Paris (in 1917) and trained at the Ballet School of Le Théâtre National de L'Opéra, and it was with the Paris Opera that she made her début. She was a *première danseuse* at 19, and five years later she was so successful in her rôle in a new Serge Lifar ballet, that she was immediately nominated *étoile* (ballerina). Her career has been closely

linked with that of Lifar and she has created many of the principal rôles in his ballets, including the title one in *Nauteos*. She also originated the name part in Cranko's *La Belle Hélène*.

Though Yvette Chauviré is no longer with the Paris Opera, she still occasionally appears with it as guest artiste, and she led the company in its Moscow season at the Bolshoi in June. She has also danced abroad at La Scala, Milan, in the United States, and several times in London (including the Coronation programme at Covent Garden in 1937).

She lives in a Paris flat. Off-stage, her greatest interest is in art—she paints flower pictures.



Colonna—Barrett-Murphy

Miss Rosemary Barrett-Murphy, Maguiresbridge, Enniskillen, Co. Fermanagh, married Don Ugo Colonna dei Principi di Paliano, Duca di San Cesareo, son of Donna Adele Luisa Colonna dei Principi di Paliano, Duchess del Garigliano and of San Cesareo, at University Church, St. Stephen's Green, Dublin



Cameron—Van den Bergh

Miss Jill Van den Bergh, daughter of Mr. & Mrs. James Van den Bergh, of Nether Walstead, Lindfield, Sussex, married Mr. Donald Aylmer Cameron, son of Vice-Admiral & the late Mrs. C. St. C. Cameron, of Forest Lodge, Frant, Sussex, at All Saints' Church, Lindfield



Windsor—Knox

Miss Sonia Knox, only daughter of the late Mr. J. A. Knox, & Mrs. Knox, Restharrow, The Highlands, East Horsley, Surrey, married Mr. Timothy Charles Windsor, only son of Dr. & Mrs. C. G. Windsor, Clare House, Hersham Road, Walton-on-Thames, at West Horsley



Block—Moore

Miss Patricia Ann Moore, elder daughter of Major-General Rodney Moore, Cadogan Gardens, London, & Mrs. R. Southby, Eldorado, Southern Rhodesia, married Mr. Simon Anthony Allen Block, only son of Mr. & Mrs. Gerald Block, Little Park Farm, Battle, Sussex



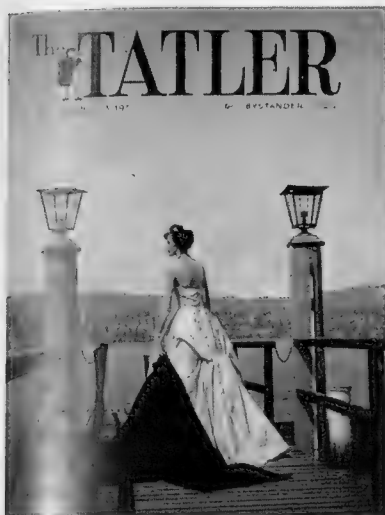
Daly—Lidstone

Miss Susan Lidstone, daughter of Mr. & Mrs. L. A. L. Lidstone, Monksfield, Sandling, Maidstone, married Mr. Brian Daly, of the Royal Engineers, son of Mr. & Mrs. J. F. Daly, Basingstoke, Hampshire, at St. Francis' Church, Maidstone, Kent



Hawkesworth—Ross

Miss Barbara Mary Ross, only daughter of Mr. & Mrs. J. K. Ross, Rock House, Halse, Taunton, married Lt.-Commander Richard D. R. Hawkesworth, son of Rear-Admiral R. A. Hawkesworth, Yarmouth, I. of W., & Mrs. Hawkesworth, Colnbrook, Bucks, at St. James' Church, Halse



Michel Molinare

SUMMER in Switzerland is just as delightful as the more celebrated winter season. The cover girl is admiring a view of Lake Constance. She is looking out across the water from the landing stage of l'Hermitage, one of Zurich's smartest restaurants. Her clothes? The magnificent evening dress is of oyster satin embroidered with jewels and gold thread, and the prodigious crimson coat consists of many yards of Lyons velvet. Both are made by Marty of Zurich and are available in Britain from Fortnum & Mason, Piccadilly. On **pages 42/49** more examples are shown of Zurich's lavish standards of the-peg clothes. On **page 414** an article describes the charm of the Bernese Oberland.

The home of Frederick Ashton

IN NEXT WEEK'S ISSUE: A picture-feature on the celebrated choreographer at Chandos Lodge, where he has been recovering from injuries received in a car smash in June. Also: **John Metcalf** spots a neglected aspect of Anglo-U.S. relations. And: A mystery of the Turf—what really happened in the historic race known as Theodore's **St. Leger**



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SOCIAL JOURNAL

York—for those who missed it on TV

by JENNIFER

ROYALTY at the York meeting this year was represented by the Princess Royal—who is as keen on racing as the Queen—and by her daughter-in-law the Countess of Harewood, who seldom goes racing, and attended on one day only. The princess had a runner in the chief event, the Ebor Handicap, but it ran unplaced. Also in the party was the Countess of Rosebery, a racing enthusiast, who was staying with them at Harewood House.

York Race Week is undoubtedly the best-run meeting in the country, and everyone who has been once looks forward to going again and again. There are always house parties up there for it, and many evening parties after the racing. Credit for the success of the meeting goes to the small committee including the Earl of Feversham, Lord Irwin, Major Gordon Foster, Lord Hotham and Mr. Marcus Wickham Boynton, who spend their profits wisely. They have an exceptionally able Clerk of the Course, Major Leslie Petch, who has been the pioneer of many new ideas and improvements for racegoers.

Sets in the enclosures

This year not only were all six races televised each day for millions to see, but 32 television sets were installed in the enclosures so that those present could, if they liked, get a perfect view of the start, and of the horses on the far side of the course in the long races. For the next meeting Major Petch hopes to have these facilities in colour television. Another excellent idea appeared on the race card, which had cut away index slots with each race numbered so that you could immediately open it at the race required.

The principal stands, glistening with white paint and decorated with geraniums and nemesias, have been enlarged in the last few years and plans are in hand for work to start at once on better stands and accommodation in Tattersalls and the cheaper enclosures, for which £100,000 has been budgeted. These are to be ready for the next summer meeting. Another good feature on this course is the number of luncheon rooms and quick snack-bars where really first-class Yorkshire fare is found. The catering (which Mr. Fawcett runs so well) is

like everything else here excellent throughout, from the cheapest enclosure to the County Stand and private luncheon rooms where there is much entertaining.

Top prize went to the U.S.

There was disappointment when the Irish trainer Mr. Vincent O'Brien decided not to start American Mr. J. McShain's great horse Ballymoss in the Ebor Handicap, as he considered the going too soft. No doubt he was right, and he still had the satisfaction of saddling the winner. Instead of Ballymoss he ran the same owner's grand mare Gladness which in spite of carrying top weight of 9 stone 7 lb. won the race with the greatest of ease by 6 lengths. Many Irish supporters had come over specially to see this race and there was a lot of Irish good-humour around the unsaddling enclosure as the winner was led in and her trainer showered with congratulations. Mr. McShain was not over from America to see this victory, but his fellow-countryman, the U.S. Ambassador Mr. John Whitney, a great supporter of racing, was there looking delighted. He was staying at Sledmere with Sir Richard & Lady Sykes (Mrs. Whitney was away in America visiting her family), and came to the course each day; Mr. Whitney had a winner himself on the final day with Persian Road who won



The Prime Minister with the Duchess of Devonshire (his niece by marriage) and her daughter Lady Sophia Cavendish. Mr. Macmillan had a short shooting holiday at Bolton Abbey, the duke's Yorkshire seat



Barry Swaabe

ALEXANDER, MASTER OF STORMONT, 20 months, with his mother Viscountess Stormont. His father, the viscount, is a barrister

Other People's Babies



Barry Swaabe

THE HON. BERNARDO JAMES SMITH, one year, son of Viscount & Viscountess Hambleden. His father is a director of W. H. Smith & Son



R. Malindor

JANE, 10 months, daughter of Mr. & Mrs. Mark Bonham Carter. Her father is the Liberal M.P. for Torrington

the Melrose Handicap sweepstake.

The Duke of Devonshire was racing each day and on the last evening I saw him driving back to Bolton Hall, where he had the Prime Minister staying for a few days shooting. He was accompanied by his 14-year-old son, the Marquess of Hartington, and Lady Emma Cavendish, who had come down in the car to meet their father. The Earl of Rosebery and his daughter Lady Helen Smith were also racing each day as were the lovely Duchess of Northumberland, Lord & Lady Irwin (the latter making her first appearance after her serious operation in June), Doreen, Marchioness of Linlithgow who was staying with Mrs. Jack Egerton, and the Earl of Fingall over from Ireland. The Earl, like Sir Nicholas & Lady Cayzer, was attending these races for the first time.

I also saw the Earl & Countess of Feversham and their gay and vivacious daughter Lady Clarissa Duncombe, Lt.-Col. & Mrs. Curzon Herrick who had come over from Ripon Castle (he was one of the stewards) the Countess of Derby in a neat pale blue outfit, Mr. Jeremy Tree who saddled a winner, Mr. Thomas Egerton, Mr. David McCall, Lord Belper who was among the Sledmere party, Lord & Lady Grimthorpe, Mr. & Mrs. Allan Palmer and the Hon. Mrs. Archie Scott who were staying with the Grimthorpes at Easthorpe.

The Lord Chamberlain's family

The Countess of Scarbrough was there with her attractive daughters Lady Mary Fleetwood Hesketh and Lady Elizabeth Beckett with Lt.-Col. the Hon. Christopher Beckett, also Earl & Countess Fitzwilliam, the Countess of Sefton looking chic, Viscount Astor who came to see his horse Hornbeam run in the Ebor, his brother the Hon. Jakey Astor, whose horse Rosalba won at the meeting, the Countess of Ronaldshay, just off to Spain with her family, Sir Kenneth & Lady Parkinson who had a winner the first day, Viscount & Viscountess Galway, the Earl & Countess of Ranfurly, Lord & Lady Hotham, Lord Hothfield, Major Michael Beaumont, joint-Master of the Kildare hounds, and the Hon. Robert & Lady Serena James down from Richmond where they have a charming house and garden. Their daughter the Hon. Mrs. David Bethell and her husband were present, also Lord Mowbray and Stourton and his family, the Hon. Charles & the Hon. Mrs. Stourton, the latter pretty in green, Mr. Petre Crowder, M.P., & the Hon. Mrs. Crowder.

In the County Stand

I also met Sir Humphrey de Trafford, pleased with the success of Alcide now favourite for the St. Leger, Lt.-Col. Giles Loder, Mr. & Mrs. Frank More O'Ferrall, that great fisherman Mr. Alec Lawson who has killed more than 200 salmon this season, Mrs. Ian Straker, Col. & Mrs. Joe Goodhart, Brig. & Mrs. Tom Draffen, Col. Nigel Weatherall and his mother-in-law Mrs. Drabble, and Mrs. Sherston neat in navy blue. She told me her son Capt. Jack Sherston is in Cyprus with his regiment the Grenadier Guards, and that both her daughters are in Germany with their husbands who are also regular soldiers.

Others enjoying the racing on these three

sunny afternoons were Mr. & Mrs. Alex Abel Smith and the Hon. David Montagu and his chic French-born wife, who were all staying with Mr. George & Lady Cecilia Howard at Castle Howard, and Major & Mrs. Malcolm Wombwell and Mr. & Mrs. David Lycett Green who both have boxes at the meeting. The Lycett Greens bought the nice two-year-old Epistle owned by Major Dermot McCalmont, which fetched £2,800 after it had won the Rous Selling Sweepstakes. Major and Mrs. Van Burden were down from Northumberland with her father Major "Cuddy" Stirling Stuart, and I saw Major & Mrs. Dick Verdin, Mrs. Constance Wadham, Cdr. & Mrs. Scott Miller and her sister Mrs. Midwood, Mr. Bill Fyffe, Sir Eric & Lady Ohlson, Lord & Lady Derwent, Mr. & Mrs. William Christie (he will celebrate his 100th birthday this autumn!), Miss Sonia Pilkington, pretty each day in neatly tailored summer dresses, Mr. Allan Robertson, his sisters Lady Ropner and Mrs. Cannon, Mr. & Mrs. Claude Scott, Mr. & Mrs. Reggie Sheffield, Mr. & Mrs. Tom Blackwell who came up from Suffolk to see her horse Compere run (it finished second in the Convivial Stakes), Viscount Lambton, M.P., Brig. & the Hon. Mrs. Senior who had just come from Gleneagles Hotel, the Hon. Nicholas Hopkinson also down from Scotland, Mr. & Mrs. Desmond Baring, Miss Doreen



Lady Solomon, who represented the Bahamas at the Coronation, photographed in London at a film premiere

Roy and the Hon. Mrs. Micklethwait and her pretty daughter Imogen.

Hunt ball in girls' school

Two hunt dances were held during the week, the Zetland at Headlam Hall and the Sinnington at Duncombe Park. I went to the Sinnington which was well-organized by the Countess of Feversham who looked attractive in a dark red and silver organza dress. Duncombe Park (which belongs to the Fevershams) is now occupied as a girls' school. The fine ballroom with its panelled and gilded walls and many family portraits was used for dancing, and there was a buffet in the lofty baronial hall adjoining. This party went with a great swing and in spite of racing all day, which is always tiring, the young people were Charlestoning, rocking and rolling, and dancing reels heartily until the early hours of the morning. Among them were Lady Lily Serena Lumley, newly married Viscount & Viscountess Pollington, the latter in peacock blue satin, his brother and sister the Hon. Anthony Savile & Lady Anne Savile, Mr. Joe Goodheart dancing with Miss Victoria Porter, his pretty sister Miss Diana Goodheart, Miss Anne Brotherton, and Miss Rosanna Foster an attractive

[Continued on page 406]

ITALIAN HOLIDAY-TIME

Identified in Ischia

Miss Mitzi Beer, ready to take off on water skis. Her mother, Mrs. Beer, was formerly the Baroness Heidi von Maasbourg



Above left: Débutante Miss Caroline Butler at a small restaurant in the hills. Middle picture: Mlle. Lisa Meyerlist—authoress, artist and photographer. She owns a villa on the island, and is here seen at the Bar Maria, chief

rendezvous of the harbour town of Forio. Right: Miss Iris Tree Ledebur the poetess, with her dog in Forio. She is the daughter of Sir Herbert Beerbohm Tree, the famous actor-manager, who died in 1917



Extreme left: Count Xavier Rey, a member of Poland's one time Royal Family. His home is in France

PHOTOGRAPHS
BY
TOM HUSTLER

At a party given by M. & Mme. Eugene Dechelette: Mrs. R. Ducci, Mr. Ian Skimming, Sir William Walton, the composer, and Lady Walton

Charterhouse boy is golf champion



D. R. Stuart



At the Moortown course, Leeds, the Boys' Golf Championship was won by Richard Braddon, 17. He is at Charterhouse and belongs to Beaconsfield golf club. *Top, left:* Braddon receives the trophy from the Moortown captain, Mr. Frank Brown, watched by the runner-up, Ian Stungo (Merchant Taylors'). *Below, left:* Mr. Kenneth Frazier, ex-England golfer, watched his son John compete. With them are his daughter Elizabeth and Mrs. Frazier. *Above:* Christopher Winn, the Moortown professional, has golf ambitions for his boys Simon and Peter. He took them to see the final

girl who makes her début next year. She came with her parents, Major Gordon Foster who was Master of the Sinnington hounds for many years, & Mrs. Foster.

Other guests were Mr. Jim Scott, who is in the 10th Hussars, and his brother Ian who is studying languages in Spain, Miss Sara Meredith, Mr. Patrick Drury Lowe, Miss Virginia Cayley, Mr. Michael Foster dancing with Lady Clarissa Duncombe, Miss Sarah Legard and her sister Annabel who is another débutante next year, Countess Carolyn Czernin and her fiancé Mr. Richard Aykroyd, Miss Deirdre Senior, Miss Angela Courage, Mr. John Lockwood, Miss Juliet Brackenbury, and attractive Italian Signoretta Donatella Keckler from Frioli and Baron Rudolph Parrisi from Venice, who both came with Major & Mrs. Percy Legard and their daughters.

I saw the Earl of Feversham, joint-Master of the Sinnington, dancing with the Duchess of Northumberland, Major John Shaw another joint-Master, and Mrs. Shaw, Major & Mrs. Dick Harden, Mr. Marcus & the Hon. Mrs. Worsley, Capt. "Kit" Egerton, Lord Grimthorpe, Mr. & Mrs. Allan Palmer, Sir Richard Sykes, Mr. Bernard Van Cutsem, Mr. & Mrs. Keith Schellenberg, Mr. & Mrs. Hugh Murray Wells, Major the Hon. David Bethell, Mr. & Mrs. Oliver Haskard and Mr. & Mrs. Charles Chafer—he is a master of the Derwent hounds.

Her Northumbrian début

After York races I went on up to Northumberland for the ball that Major & Mrs.

with her peach satin dress) were staying with Major & Mrs. Jack Priestman at Slaley Hall. Mrs. Priestman, who looked chic in a printed organza dress, has a delightful and comfortable home where she and her husband gave a dinner party of 14 for the dance. Their guests included the M.P. for the Hexham Division of Northumberland Mr. Rupert Speir, who recently brought in the much needed and sensible "litter bill," Mr. & Mrs. William Benson, Mr. & Mrs. Fogg Elliott and the successful North Country trainer Mr. Calverly Bewicke and his wife, who had several young guests staying and whose attractive daughter April was also at the ball.

The next C.I.G.S. was there

More than 20 other hostesses put up young guests and gave dinner parties. Among them were Mrs. Browne Swinburne, Mrs. John Cookson, Lady Anne Ridley, whom I saw at the dance with Viscount and Viscountess Allendale, Mrs. Riddell, Mrs. Cowen, Mrs. Clive Straker, Mrs. Edward Straker and Mrs. John Straker, Mrs. Thornton Trevelyan and Mrs. Michael Bell. The recently appointed C.I.G.S., Gen. Sir Francis Festing, who lives at nearby Birks, was there with Lady Festing, who was in green.

Among the many young people present were Miss Caroline Craven-Smith-Milnes, Mr. Peter Stanley, Miss Juliet Brackenbury, Mr. Jamie Teacher, and Mr. Roddy Macleod, who were in Major & Mrs. Blackett's house party at Halton Castle. Also Mr. John & Miss Mary Browne-Swinburne, Miss Sue Collingwood, Miss Christian Garforth-Bles (who had her own coming-out dance in Northumberland last month), Miss Victoria Riddell, Mr. Charles Baker-Cresswell, Miss Susan Berry, Mr. Robert & Miss Rosemary Dickinson, Mr. John Festing, Miss Caroline Cuthbert, Miss Rosemary Spencer, Mr. Peter Bridgeman and Mr. Raleigh and Mr. Edward Trevelyan, who all live in that part of the world. Among those I met who came from outside to enjoy this memorable ball were Miss Susan Casey, Miss Merle Roper, Miss Penelope Graham, Miss Olga Hohler (attractive in red), the Hon. Helen Rollo, Miss Sally Croker-Poole, Lady Fiona Crichton-Stuart and Miss Anne Prideaux. The young men included Mr. Tim Forster, Mr. Phillip Payne Galwey, Mr. Peter Currie, Mr. Michael Fogg Elliott, Mr. Charles Ramsay, Mr. Robin Brackenbury and Mr. Anthony Poore.

All Europe at Edinburgh

After the dance in Northumberland I motored on to Edinburgh for the night and stayed in comfort at the North British Hotel, which Mr. Berry runs. He has improved it out of all recognition since he moved there a few years ago. The city was gay with flags for the 12th Edinburgh Festival, and crowded with visitors from all over the world. At the opening ceremony in St. Giles's Cathedral the Lord Provost, Mr. Ian Johnson-Gilbert, led the procession accompanied by the Lord Mayor of London, Sir Denis Truscott. Mayors, burgomasters and city dignitaries from many different countries were present including the Mayor of Helsinki Mr. Lawrie Alio, the Mayor of

[Continued on p. 408]



THE TATLER
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Miss Sheila Willcox, the show-jumper, competed in the cross-country on *Airs & Graces*. The event opened the trials season



M. H. Monteith takes Dr. W. B. R. Monteith's Springbok over the bars in the show-jumping. More than 80 riders competed



Miss M. C. Wallace well out in the country on her own horse *Star XI*

Van Hallen



The trials were organized by the R.A.V.C. at their Melton Mowbray training centre. Above: Miss Jill Kent receives the trophy from Mrs. Goodwin, wife of Maj.-Gen. R. E. Goodwin, the District Commander. She won on *Pepy* owned by Mrs. P. J. Brocklehurst

Army vets run a horse trial



Left: Mrs. H. P. Willcox, mother of Miss Sheila Willcox, and Mrs. W. G. Henson, who both competed



Right: Lt.-Col. Denis Smylie, who rode *Carte Blanche*, Mrs. Cyril Smith-Bingham and Mr. A. C. M. Tait



Left: The Hon. Mrs. Derek Allhusen rode *Sand Martin*. With her is Miss Susan Fitzroy, who was a 1956 débutante



Right: Watching the start of the cross-country: Miss D. Mason, Miss V. Pardoe and Mrs. P. J. Brocklehurst, owner of the winner



NEWS PORTRAITS

Oslo Mr. Rolf Stranger, the Lord Mayor of Prague Mr. Adolf Svoboda, and representatives from Amsterdam, Copenhagen, Warsaw, Vienna, Palermo, Budapest and many other cities.

Lord Glentanar, who is musical, and his son-in-law and daughter the Hon. James & the Hon. Mrs. Bruce, were staying at the North British for the Festival as were Sir Gladwyn & Lady Jebb, over from our Embassy in Paris, who also came last year. The Spanish Ambassador and the Marquesa de Santa Cruz had brought their eldest daughter, and the American Ambassador Mr. Jock Whitney was expected at the end of the first week.

Many visitors to the Festival and others in Scotland will, when weather permits, want to see some of the beautiful Scottish gardens open in aid of the Scottish Queen's Nurses Benevolent and Educational Funds and the Garden Fund of the National Trust for Scotland.

Among those on review are Mr. J. W. & Lady Hilda Younger's garden at Easter Park; Lt.-Col. Sir James Horlick's at Achmore, Isle of Gigha; Cullen House



The Spanish Ambassador, the Marques de Santa Cruz, during the grouse-shooting at Scotstoun Moor, Perthshire

gardens belonging to the Countess of Seafield in Banffshire; Viscount & Viscountess Cowdray's at Dunecht House in Aberdeenshire and the Dowager Countess of Lauderdale's garden at Thirlestane Castle in Berwickshire.

From Edinburgh I went on to Gleneagles Hotel in Perthshire about which I will be writing next week.

Plans for the Snow Ball

Lady Chesham is chairman of this year's Snow Ball in aid of the Greater London Fund for the Blind which is to take place at the Dorchester on 3 December. She has held her first meeting to discuss arrangements and is working hard to make the ball a tremendous success, with plenty of young people present. Among those helping her are Countess Attlee, Mrs. Tom Page who has been chairman for the past three years, Sir Lionel & Lady Kearns, Sir Basil Tangye, Mrs. Graham Welch, Major Derek & Lady Elizabeth Hornsby, Miss Monica Michell and the Hon. Richard & Mrs. Haden Guest. Young people taking an interest in the ball are Lady Chesham's elder daughter the Hon. Joanna Cavendish, Mr. Michael D'Arcy Stephens and his fiancée Miss Elizabeth Coutts-Trotter, Miss Angela Farley, Miss Brigid O'Halloran, Mr. Ben Fisher and Miss Angela Colhoun.

Tickets, which you will be wise to apply for early, as they are likely to be sold out, can be obtained from Lady Chesham, 2 Wyndham Place, W.1.



CARVING This statue of Hadene stone was commissioned by Lady Paget to stand in the forecourt of her stately home, King's Newton Hall, Derbyshire. It is by Ronald Pope, who is working on a commission for Derby Cathedral



CROQUET On the lawns of their country home, Barnwell Manor, near Peterborough, the Duchess of Gloucester plays croquet with her younger son Prince Richard. He had his 14th birthday last week. His brother is nearly 17



Alan Vines

COMPOSER FROM THE U.S. AT THE PROMS

Aaron Copland is the only American composer represented at this season's Promenade concerts at the Albert Hall. He conducted his own works, *Orchestral Variations* and dance episodes from *Rodeo* (one of his three ballets). One of the leading influences on the younger generation of transatlantic musicians, he is considered to have two distinct and equally striking styles: one fundamentally American and the other of wider import. Mr. Copland has written music for the films and has just completed a new opera entitled *The Tender Land*



When an actress looks into the mirror

Illusions are her business—but she can't afford to have any about herself

by DULCIE GRAY

BOARDING SCHOOLS seem to me to be the worst possible training ground for a budding actress. There the emphasis is on ensuring that one should look and behave like the rest of the crowd, whereas later, as an actress, one has to look and to be entirely individual; so one spends one's entire childhood being taught never to show off, and then one's entire adult life trying to make showing off commercial! Yet it was at my first boarding school, a kindergarten, that I learnt one of the most valuable lessons of my life.

I was about five at the time, and all England was agog about the beauty of a princess, who had just come over to this country to get married. The staff rhapsodized about her, the older girls sighed over her, and her photographs, which were daily in the newspapers, were cut out, pinned up in the classrooms, and handed round the school for all to see. They even reached me, busily counting beads in Form 1B. I did my best to join in the general enthusiasm, but to my young eyes the only thing that singled her out as different was a pronounced sideways smile. A child's idea of beauty is seldom visual at that age. One is more apt to be entranced by lovely smells, or by materials which are fascinating to the touch. But one thing I did know most forcibly, was that I myself was not judged beautiful. I was always being rallied with the somewhat gloomy cry, "If you can't be pretty, be good." At any rate I decided that if a sideways smile constituted beauty, then I too could have my share of praise.

Daily and earnestly I practised my sideways smile, until I thought I had reached perfection. But then came the problem—



THE AUTHOR is the well-known actress (lately in *Double Cross* at the Duchess). She is married to Michael Denison

when to give it to an astonished world? No occasion seemed to me to warrant such a departure from the norm, especially as I was (contrary to the impression I gave), diabolically shy.

We were having tea when it happened. It was a chi-chi little school, and all the children were scattered round the pretty dining-room at small oak tables. I and my party were at a table in an alcove, round which were shelves displaying some quite good china. I was sitting on the extreme edge of my chair, tilting it backwards and forwards, when suddenly it skidded. Clutching wildly at the tablecloth, I disappeared

under the table, taking with me most of the tea things. My chair meanwhile had hit the alcove shelves, and with an appalling clatter the china showered to the floor. Deep silence followed. I crawled out from under the debris, and with my heart beating fast, I gave my first and last sideways smile. I was sent straight upstairs to bed for being rude.

You see, I hadn't learnt one of the first lessons of an acting career. Know your type. It simply doesn't suit a fat, plain child of five to try a sideways smile.

Our profession is a highly competitive one. It is also extremely difficult, and one of its chief difficulties is that one's type naturally alters with the years. Broadly speaking, from one's teens to the early thirties, one is a juvenile; from the early thirties to the late forties, a leading lady, and from the late forties onwards, a character actress. If one can achieve success during all these three phases one is quite exceptionally lucky. But to know how, and exactly when, to change to the next type is the problem. If one achieves an early success, the demands on one's services are so great, and the conflicting opinions of one's advisers, friends, family, hangers-on, and the press, so confusing, that it becomes hard to keep a sense of proportion at all. One is always being flattered, soothed or "knocked," and to see oneself clearly as others are seeing us is a feat.

I myself have been built up as the most domesticated star in the business, simply because Michael and I acted a great deal together. I look as if I was born in Wimbledon and take milk in my tea. Actually I was born in Malaya, lived on the edge of the



BRIGGS

by Graham

jungle for years, and positively hate milk. What one can act on the stage, of course, need bear no relation at all to what one is, but how one gets *chosen* for the parts is nearly always on the strength of how others see us.

There is a well-known "pro" story about a famous theatrical partnership, where the woman still insisted on playing young parts, when she should have been playing grandmothers. Her husband supported her through their long joint career uncomplainingly, and he remained such a draw that until he died he could still pull in the crowds despite her. They used to tour to the various towns, spending a fortnight at each, and doing a different play for the two weeks. At the end of the first week in one town, the actor went forward at the end of the play and said: "Ladies and gentlemen, I want to thank you very much for being

such a wonderful audience tonight. You have made our work a pleasure indeed. Next week we shall be playing in a new play, and my wife . . ." here a voice from the gallery shouted "The old . . ." The actor put up a silencing hand. "Nevertheless," he said gently, "she will be playing the title rôle."

Noël Coward, that brilliant, wise, and extremely kind man, seems to me a model on the subject of "Knowing thyself," as indeed he is on many other subjects. He is a renowned wit, but much of the success of his humour comes from the way he chooses words that exactly suit his unique voice. This is a story told about him in Australia. Apparently he was in a crowded lift with, among others, a drunken Australian, who was attacking him on the grounds that he was "so bloody English." "Say something Australian, Noël," this man kept on shouting, "Go on! Say something Australian." Noël

kept silent until the eighth floor, where he wished to get out. As the lift door opened the man bawled again, "Say something Australian, Noël." Noël turned and looked at him gravely, "Kangaroo," he said and disappeared firmly down the corridor.

James Mason was once asked if "close-ups" in a film were difficult. "Not if you remember that in a close-up on a large screen, one's face is ten feet long by eight feet wide," he said. Someone else who knows the value of seeing himself as others see him.

Ours is an odd business in many ways, and not the least is that in order to create illusions for others, we have to forgo the luxury of having illusions about ourselves!

NEXT WEEK :

John S. Mather



*Things that go thump
in the night . . .*

Drums beat out, and trumpeters sound on Edinburgh Castle's floodlit esplanade. This is the stirring scene at the Military Tattoo, performed nightly during the Festival. For more about the Festival and the Tattoo see Planning your programme, page 398

THE ARTIST (with
one of his landscapes)



PORTRAIT PAINTERS OF TODAY-3

Carel Weight

A.R.A.

by DAVID WOLFERS

PAINTER: MISS OROVIDA PISSARRO—1956 (TATE GALLERY)



SOMETIMES called "The Poet of Putney," Carel Weight is best known as a painter of landscape or townscape. But he is an original and penetrating portrait painter with definite ideas on the practice of the art. He finds the discipline which a portrait imposes salutary and I prefer his portraits to his landscapes for this reason. Sometimes, in my view, his imagination runs riot in his interpretation of a town or country scene, but his obvious talent is more firmly canalized when he is forced to convey the appearance and the reality of a human being. The character emerges strongly as seen by his artistic eye and put on canvas by his sure hand.

Carel Weight prefers to paint his subject below life-size. He thinks the qualities of character are accentuated by altering the scale. The Flemish primitives and Degas used a similar technique and he has a particular admiration for their work. He believes even more strongly that people should be painted in a setting and he abhors the conventional or official portraits as something stilted and almost meaningless. Most of us are associated in the minds of our friends with certain tastes and certain physical possessions. For instance, in one of the portraits of Miss Orovida Pissarro (*this page, left*) she sits in her own room, her illustrious grandfather's writing desk behind her and an etching of Camille Pissarro in the left foreground. These objects convey her link with Pissarro, her attachment and respect for his greatness. Then again in the painting of the young barrister, the presence of a few things in his rooms helps to express the young man's single-mindedness and intelligence. Carel Weight would like to see a revival of the technique of Gainsborough's early or Ipswich period when he painted small conversation-portraits in keeping with the contemporary way of life.

Professor Weight (he succeeded Rodrigo Moynihan last year, at the age of 48, as Professor of Painting at the Royal College of Art) only likes painting people who interest him. If he were to accept anything in the nature of an official commission, I am sure he would do so

only on his own terms. In other words he is a portrait painter of great integrity.

He thinks that the art of portraiture has perhaps never been at a lower ebb than it is today. This may be due to the dullness of approach on the part of those who commission portraits. Even 100 years ago portraits were usually commissioned by families and it was not uncommon to paint the subject or the group against a part of the family setting. Some of the greatest portraits have been painted against a setting such as Carel Weight demands. Apart from the Royal Family, the principal patrons of portraiture now are companies, and official bodies, who seem to demand a conventional head-and-shoulders, or the figure against a nondescript background.

In Carel Weight's view the unimaginative approach to present-day portraiture has in turn affected the attitude of the art student, the portrait painter of tomorrow. Here, Weight speaks with special knowledge as a teacher of painting. Students show little interest in portrait painting because of what they see going on around them. But he does cite a notable example of how one industrial firm plays its part in encouraging the art. Now and then he is asked to recommend half-a-dozen students to go and paint portraits of the firm's employees for their records. What a splendid example of artistic patronage! The student gets excellent practice and £50; the firm acquires not only a record of its employees but an art collection.

Besides being Professor of Painting at the Royal College, Carel Weight is also an Associate of the Royal Academy. Some people might consider it incongruous for a painter of his originality to be a member of this rather conservative institution. But he believes that the minority group or left-wing of the Academy can and does exercise an influence, and that more not less painters should attempt to join its ranks. He points out, rightly, that the Academy is a wonderful shop-window and that in time it can be made far more representative of contemporary painting in this country.



PROFESSOR OF CRIMINAL SCIENCE, CAMBRIDGE:
DR. LEON RADZINOWICZ—1957

THE YOUNG BARRISTER—1957



MISS OROVIDA PISSARRO —1958
(ASHENDEN MUSEUM, OXFORD, IN R.A. EXHIBITION)

AUTHOR: MISS HELEN ROEDER—1949



Switzerland in summertime

REPORT ON AN ENTHUSIAST'S VISIT TO THE
BERNESE OBERLAND BY NIGEL BUXTON

EVEN in Interlaken you could smell the hay. In the fields outside it was lying newly cut, or had been piled on wooden pyramids to dry. At evening, after the heat of the August day, the scent of it came into the town. It competed with more expensive scents on the terrace of the hotel Victoria Jungfrau; competed—and won, and though the pleasures of the night were sweet the promise of the day was sweeter. The mountains were so short a journey away.

It is part of the beauty and charm of the Bernese Oberland that—as with most mountain regions—there is no suburbia. The country itself is always close about the towns, and these—never large enough to be obtrusive—seem always incidental to their surroundings. Interlaken is by far the largest. Lying on the plain between the lakes of Thun and Brienz, it owes the beginnings of its modern popularity to the fashionable back-to-nature movement of the 18th century. It is, in the words of the guide

book, “a magnificent centre for excursions to such famous resorts as Mürren, Wengen, Scheidegg, and Grindelwald, not to mention the Jungfrauoch.”

This is true, and only a tired body or a tired spirit could keep one long on the level of the lakes. You turn from the windows full of cuckoo clocks and carvings, and there are the valleys running deep into the hills; there are the roads winding up among the pines; there are the gateways to the Oberland itself, and the sun shining on the far snows.

The white perfection of that everlasting reminder of winter enhances in summer what is always one of the most exhilarating climates in the world. Because there are no great cities or coal-burning factories to foul the air the atmosphere is clean and fresh and cool. One breathes more deeply, sleeps more soundly, and—quickened by the exercise that it would be hard to avoid—one becomes more sentient, more aware.

The airlines fly you to the Oberland for as little as £30-odd return (tourist) and there is a night tourist flight for even less. I went by way of a Super-Swiss D.C.6 with champagne and steaks at 17,000 ft. But such luxury is in contrast to the pleasures of sheer physical exertion for which the district is now most widely known. Unless you spend your days in bed or in a bar, what are you to do there but walk or ski or climb? Even with a cheap holiday ticket you would hardly sit for ever in the trains. You cannot stand for hours gazing up at the Eiger or the Mönch. You cannot lie day after day on your back in the high pastures, listening to the cow bells and the sound of the falling streams; or at least, you won't be very *British* if you do.

September is too early for skiing (except at the highest altitudes) but the famous mountaineering school of Arnold Glatthard is busy all summer. To encourage novices he sometimes points to a peak of the jagged limestone ridge above Rosenlaui and recalls that it was named the Gertrudespitze after Gertrude Bell, the Englishwoman who climbed it first. Nowadays the Bernese Oberland has more American than British visitors, but for the British there still exists a respect that was earned by our fathers and grandfathers half a century and more ago. In all the mountains of the Oberland there is scarcely a climb worth the name that has not been made at some time or other by an Englishman; often for the first time. It was of course the English who by their writings and by the foundation of the Alpine Club in the 19th century did more to popularize

mountaineering and the Oberland than did anyone else.

In the history of skiing in particular the British and the Bernese Oberland together have an even more outstanding part. An Englishman called Knocker first introduced the sport to the Oberland at Meiringen in 1890. His fellow-countryman Fox took it to Grindelwald the following year, and soon after the turn of the century another Englishman, Vivian Caulfield, was campaigning for changes in ski technique that were the beginnings of the modern style. At Mürren, in 1922, the present Sir Arnold Lunn invented the slalom, and two years later the Kandahar Club was founded to promote downhill skiing as a particular branch of the sport. The whole art of skiing as it is practised today, and the immense popularity of winter sports in general, have their roots in that past.

But there is more to the Bernese Oberland than all this. Or rather, there is more to the pleasure of the hills than an agreeable walk, or a successful climb, or the thrill of a ski run on good snow. In such country, where each mountain seems to possess an individual character of its own, there are influences so strong, so elemental in their nature that a man can be moved to the very depth of his being; can find himself more courageous than he had thought possible—and more afraid; can feel in himself a greater power—and yet know himself to be quite insignificant and ridiculously small.

Experiences such as these must be common to all who know the mountains well. They are the stuff of which ordinary tourism is not made. In our urban civilization they are rare, and are not least among the reasons why lovers of the Oberland return there again and again.

Summer is dying now, and the tourists are fewer in Interlaken. In the country the last of the hay has been carried, the lofts are full, the logs are neatly stacked under the eaves and the cattle will soon be brought down into the valleys. The nights are growing cold. Before long snow will be falling again upon the Oberland and people who have not known them before, and people who have come to find them again, will live some of the richest moments of their lives.

They will not be moments of complete sobriety. They will not be moments of awe. They will be those few seconds when existence has only one tense, when the past and the future hold no meaning and all of mind and body and spirit seem whole and sufficient in one glorious, sunlit, pure and exultant “I am.”





SUMMER SCENERY *in the mountains*
near Grindelwald. In the
foreground: the author



THE ROSENLAUI GLACIER, *impervious to*
sun or rain, makes an impressive
obstacle for summer climbers

ARNOLD GLATTHARD, *who runs a well-*
known mountaineering school, helps a
pupil in a slab-climbing exercise



THE
TATLER

At the pony clubs



The Ponies of Britain Club show, Harrogate

Pictures at left: The supreme champion, Miss Virginia Booth-Jones (top) received the J. R. Hindley Challenge Cup from its donor, who is the show's president. She rode Mrs. John Reiss's pony Enoch Arden. *Middle:* One of the Riding Parties. Lady Charlotte Manners (daughter of Anne Duchess of Rutland) with Mrs. J. Edgar and Miss Jean Edgar. *Bottom:* Mr. George Bird, Mr. R. Lofthouse, and Mr. Grayston, chief steward

Pictures above: Miss Anne Muir (left) with the prize-winning Welsh mountain Pony, Coed Coch Socyn, owned by Lady Muir of Hazlemere. Right: Anne Duchess of Rutland with a pony that she entered



In camp with the Ne

Left: Miss Vicky Grant grooming her pony before inspection and (above) Viscount Somerton, son of the Earl of Normanton. He is finishing his mount's coat before saddling-up for the morning

Clubs from 12 hunts compete at Trewsbury



P. C. Palmer

Jessica Hobson with her pony Red Rover. Her father, Brigadier R. W. Hobson, is Garrison Commander at Tidworth, Salisbury Plain



Hilary Field and Jennifer Graham-Clark were members of the winning Craven Hunt team



Caroline Trevor-Price, of Trewsbury House, near Cirencester, and Diana Cutter, a follower of the Vale of White Horse Hunt

John Price, of the V.W.H. Hunt, was one of the earliest competitors in the cross-country event



Victor Yorke

Forest's pony club on Lord Normanton's estate

This camp was held at Somerley Park, the Earl of Normanton's seat near Ringwood. In the top picture, Julia Cook, Cheryl Griffiths, Sally Coode and Tina Turner collect water and fodder for their ponies. Middle picture: David Read and the Hon. Mark Agar (Lord Somerton's younger brother) returning from the morning ride. Bottom: "Tucker," the Earl's groom, gives tips to young riders on how to fit the bridle and reins





GUILE OF THE SERPENT. Ariadne Leprieur (Helen Cherry), whose pose of saintliness and understanding is her chief weapon in breaking up her husband's liaison; the unfortunate man himself (Michael Warre), and his light of love Violetta (Pauline Yates), who finally has to give Ariadne best in the battle of wits and emotions

THEATRE

A Frenchman treads in Shaw's footsteps

by ANTHONY COOKMAN

THE foolish prejudice against plays mainly of talk as opposed to plays entirely of action has pretty well died out. I can remember a time when an angry man had to sweep the crockery off the chimney piece or a lady had to push her husband down the well before a play could plausibly be said to have got a move on. It is generally recognized now that old Dryden was plumb right in asserting that every alteration or crossing of a dramatic design was also action, "and much the noblest." Ibsen and Shaw were both in turn cursed for being too "talky" when their talk was mainly psychological action. We are still not so fond as the French of the play of talk, but *Ariadne* at the Arts Theatre, a translation by Miss Rosalind Heywood of a triangular drama by M. Gabriel Marcel, the 68-year-old French philosopher, is one I recommend. Nothing much happens, externally no more than a wife putting asunder her husband and his mistress, but beneath the surface of the strongly-flowing criss-crossing talk character is always revealing new and unexpected depths of colour; and though some of my colleagues seem to have been bored I personally found perpetual interest in the conflict of wills.

Ariadne is a sick woman who insinuates herself into the lives of others with the object—at first not clearly realized by herself—of enjoying vicariously the pleasures that

illness denies her. Once we have grasped her motive there is nothing obscure about the crises which she precipitates. The qualities she perverts to her selfish end are sympathy, pity, magnanimity and also the essential quality of being very rich. Against such weapons as she wields with almost unconscious skill there is no armour except



Serge Franchard (Maurice Kaufman), a privileged witness of the three-cornered contest between husband, wife and mistress

cynicism, and M. Marcel is careful to see to it that cynicism is in short supply among the struggling young musicians whose lives are tied into knots by means which they do not comprehend until it is too late. They are indeed an idealistic lot whose idealism tends to run to self-pity.

The sick woman seeking to absorb the healthy vitality of others finds her chief prey in her husband's mistress. Violetta is an independent-minded young violinist. She is not subject to self-pity, and she becomes vulnerable to attack partly through her genuinely protective love for the husband, a poor creature who hardly deserves it, and partly through her responsibility for an ailing child needing more expensive medical attention than she can afford. Ariadne sets herself to sap the girl's independence. When she learns of the liaison she spares the mistress the tantrums of the jealous wife. She is all sweet understanding because she knows that such magnanimity is most likely to make her rival feel guilty. But she conceals her connivance in the liaison from the husband on the ground that he depends upon her not only for money but for a special sort of moral support.

This moral support is used as the turning point of the struggle between the two women. Violetta frees herself from Ariadne's spell, but only at the cost of her own self-respect. The struggle is worked out with a sustained argumentative intensity and comes to a powerful climax. But this main struggle is skilfully integrated with various other struggles. The total impression left is that we have been thrown into the midst of people living lives of their own and determined to find out for themselves, if they can, why they are alive, why they suffer, what they are striving for. It is this kind of impression that plays of talk can sometimes produce more vividly than plays which are burdened with the necessity of illustrating every point of the argument with physical action.

The Arts Theatre company succeed remarkably well in communicating the author's own pleasure in a voyage of psychological exploration which seems at every turn to yield fresh discoveries. Miss Helen Cherry brings her radiant red-haired beauty to Ariadne and Miss Pauline Yates a dark intensity to her rival. It is perhaps a little difficult to accept Miss Cherry as an invalid but once we have done so the actress depicts a sick mind with much skill. She is particularly effective in her suggestion of the invalid's own horror of those monstrous inverted shadows cast on her imagination by the things she has apparently resigned herself to doing without. Ariadne is perhaps a pathological case but one with a great deal of human pathos. Miss Yates makes an appealing figure of the young violinist who is gradually made aware of the darker side of Ariadne's dazzling magnanimities. Mr. Michael Warre is not happily cast as the husband: Jerome is a poor fish as the prize of the woman's struggle, but he ought to win a larger measure of sympathy than Mr. Warre's restless and worried playing gains for him. Mr. Milo Sperber directs with delicate, imaginative expertness though he once or twice—notably in the husband's scenes with Ariadne—lets the rhythm of the talk get lost.

Hail and farewell at the Garden

A five-night party was given at the Royal Opera House to welcome Mlle. Yvette Chauviré (see page 401) and to give members of the Royal Ballet a send-off for their Australian tour. Right: Dame Ninette de Valois, Governor of the Royal Ballet, with the Earl of Drogheda, chairman of the Royal Opera House



Mr. Frederick Ashton, associate director of the Royal Ballet, and Miss Lorna Mossford, ballet mistress on the Australian tour



M. Alexis Rassiné, one of the leading classical dancers, Miss Jean Gilbert, the pianist, and M. Pirmin Trecu, another dancer



Dame Margot Fonteyn with Mme. Ernest Ansermet & M. Ernest Ansermet the conductor. He once toured with Diaghileff

Mr. John Field, who is taking the company to Australia, with his wife Miss Anne Heaton. She will be the principal ballerina

Two of the young dancers with the Royal Ballet: Miss Hylda Zinkin and Miss Antoinette Sibley

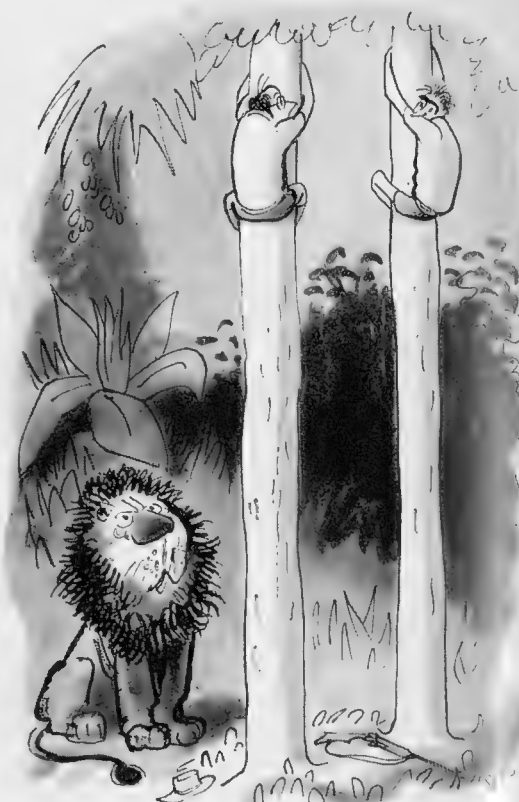
Miss Gerd Larsen, who is with the permanent company at Covent Garden, and Mr. Hugo Rignold, its musical director



Smile spot



"All right, we won't forget"



"Are you awake, George?"

RECORDS

American jazz stars in London

by GERALD LASCELLES

THE first visitors to come from the United States to open the autumn jazz season are the impressive array of modernists led by two top-ranking trombonists, J. J. Johnson and Kai Winding. They are without doubt the most famous instrumental duo to emerge from the postwar scene. Their 16-day tour opens in London next Saturday.

Mr. Johnson is accepted as the greater artiste of the two, having walked off with a comfortable victory in every major jazz poll conducted in America and Europe last year. I once heard him in a dingy club on New York's 52nd Street, nearly 10 years ago, when that was the home of modern jazz. I was rather frightened, and failed to understand what he was trying to do, but was impressed by his technique. Today I am a little wiser and more broadminded, and I enjoy his playing. He worked with mainstreamers Benny Carter and Count Basie for a time around 1945, and subsequently with bopsters Gillespie, Jacquet, and Parker.

Danish-born Kai Winding blew his way to fame with Stan Kenton in the well-known "Artistry in Rhythm" series of records in 1946. Later with his own group, including Gerry Mulligan and Max Roach, he toured the States extensively before teaming up with Johnson. "J. and K." as they are

generally known, parted amicably in 1956 but reunited specially for this tour. The combination of their forceful and imaginative blowing should be worth hearing.

Partnering the duo is alto-player Lee Konitz, a former Miles Davis sideman, who also worked for a time with Kenton. His approach is inherently "cool," in direct contrast to Zoot Sims, who blows tenor for the group. Sims worked with Goodman for a time, but is best known for his work with Woody Herman, where he was one of the "Four Brothers" reed team in 1947-49.

The greatest of living bass players, Oscar Pettiford, an ex-Ellington rhythm man, is certain to make a big contribution, as is that engaging personality, Kenny "Klook" Clarke, one of the best bop drummers and a

frequent recording group leader. After spells with Carter and Eldridge in his early life, he toured Europe under Gillespie in 1948, when I first heard him play. He then helped to form what is now the Modern Jazz Quartet, and is at present living and teaching in Paris.

To my delight two relatively unknown pianists are thrown into the fray with the Carnegie Hall stars; Red Garland, whose recent trio record on Esquire I mentioned a month or so ago. He has Tatum and Powell influence, and has specialized in small-band jazz, playing with the Miles Davis Quintet and a Hawkins-Eldridge touring group. Also Phineas Newborn (appropriately the baby of the group), who has been hailed as the successor to Tatum, mainly on account of his prodigious technique. I have only one example of his playing in my possession, and suggest that on this showing his tendency is to be too "busy" to impress anyone who delves below the surface of his ideas.

I look forward to hearing this group, which embraces some of the most important and controversial figures of the modern school. I shall expect some fiery performances, with none of the damp fizzling exhibited by some of the "Jazz at the Philharmonic" stars.

SELECTED RECORDS

JOHNSON/WINDING	London LTZ-C15007, £1 17s. 6½d. Esquire 32-036, £1 19s. 7½d.
LEE KONITZ	London LTZ-K15092, £1 17s. 6½d.
ZOOT SIMS	H.M.V. CLP1165, 1188, £1 15s. 10d.
PHINEAS NEWBORN, JR.	London LTZ-K15057, £1 17s. 6½d.
PETTIFORD/CLARKE	H.M.V. 7EG8350, 8367, 11s. 1½d.

CINEMA

Mr. Peck is too kind to be true

by ELSPETH GRANT

MR. GREGORY PECK seemed to me hopelessly miscast in the rôle of the hate-inspired fanatic, Ahab, in *Moby Dick* and strikes me as equally out of place in *The Bravados*—a Western which requires him to play a savagely dedicated, relentless avenger, capable of shooting down in cold blood the men he suspects of having raped and killed his wife. Brutality does not become Mr. Peck and he wears it uneasily. His face is so grimly set that it looks like a mask hewn from teak—but it remains a romantic and compassionate face. The eyes he occasionally rolls like a rodeo horse to register implacable fury are still essentially gentle and even sentimental eyes.

There are plenty of actors unhandicapped by Mr. Peck's civilized appeal. He should leave such parts to them.

Mr. Peck comes riding into a small Spanish-American town for the macabre purpose of witnessing the hanging of four men condemned to death for bank robbery and murder. They are two white men (Messrs. Stephen Boyd and Albert Salmi), a half-breed (Mr. Lee Van Cleef) and an Indian (Mr. Henry Silva). Mr. Peck wants to see them die because their description tallies with that of the men who, according to a neighbour's report, were at his ranch on the day six months ago when he found his wife dead.

With the help of Mr. Joe De Rita (a sinister gentleman posing convincingly as a visiting hangman who is happy in his work), the four prisoners escape from jail on the eve of their execution, when all the devout townsfolk are in church. The killers take a local girl, Miss Kathleen Gallant, with them as hostage—and there is a fine hue and cry when this is discovered. Mr. Peck heads a posse to bring the condemned men back to justice—but, outstripping his companions, and catching up with the fugitives one after another, he appoints himself their executioner.

The half-breed he kills as he grovels for mercy, Mr. Salmi he hangs by the heels from the branch of a tree and Mr. Boyd he shoots as he sits at his ease in a Mexican café. Each one has denied seeing Mr. Peck's wife. He has refused to believe them—but there is something about the fourth man, the Indian (Mr. Silva gives the best performance in the picture), that cannot be disbelieved. Mr. Peck realizes that he has murdered three men in revenge for a crime they did not commit.

The horror of such a situation (so chillingly conveyed in *The Oxbow Incident*) is somewhat mitigated by the fact that the victims were anyway under sentence of death but Mr. Peck, looking momentarily more himself, makes it clear that he who takes the law

into his own hands must, unless he has bidden conscience adieu, be prepared to suffer. Mr. Peck is—but a benign priest (Mr. Andrew Duggan) suggests that prayer might help him, and Miss Joan Collins (who has had little to do but wear a fetching riding outfit and now assumes a proprietorial expression as well) is sure that love will, so I dare say he does not have too bad a time. The superb scenery, photographed in Eastman Colour, lends the film a beauty and magnificence

General Post

Kent Smith is a general and Glenn Ford takes over from him in Imitation General. With them: Taina Elg



nowhere to be glimpsed in the script or the acting.

Mr. Glenn Ford has the title rôle in *Imitation General*—a briskly-acted war film which is undeniably funny and would have been even more so if the principal comedy situation had not arisen through a genuine and wholly admirable general being shot dead by a stray bullet. If only he had been merely incapacitated, I would have been happier. All through Mr. Ford's subsequent merry adventures I remembered the body of his commanding officer lying in the cellar of the French farmhouse which was their temporary headquarters.

The general (Mr. Kent Smith) dies while attempting to round up, organize and stimulate to greater activity groups of U.S. soldiers who have been separated from their

divisions and are wandering disconsolately around the countryside. Mr. Ford, a master sergeant, and Mr. Red Buttons, a corporal, are determined to carry on the good work for him. As they completely concurred with him in believing that nothing is so gratifying to the troops as the sight of a general taking the same risks as themselves, Mr. Ford puts on the general's helmet and insignia and sallies forth with Mr. Buttons to gratify them.

As "the backbone of the Army is the non-commissioned man," Mr. Ford, though disguised as something superior, and Mr. Buttons, cheerfully himself, are able to save what could be a tricky situation by a dashing raid on an enemy machine-gun post and an even more spectacular attack on a couple of tanks. Mr. Ford is afraid of nothing, except having his true identity revealed—and among the troops in the neighbourhood is an extremely hostile G.I., Mr. Tige Andrews, who could expose him. When not harrying the Germans, Mr. Ford is busily eluding Mr.

Andrews—and in both enterprises is adroitly supported by Mr. Buttons, who comes close to stealing the picture. Miss Taina Elg is serious and most satisfactory as a French girl who, thank goodness, doesn't speak a word of English and is thus never lured into the coquetry which seems to go with a foreign accent.

The first film of a trilogy based on Mr. Mikhail Sholokhov's novel, *Quiet Flows The Don*, presents a picture of life in a Cossack community in Czarist times. In the intervals of performing military service, the Cossacks—hard-faced men with a bunch of improbable curls frothing out from the left side of their flat caps—cultivate their vegetables, swig their vodka and beat their faithless wives.

Young men are forced to marry brides of the parents' choosing, weddings are celebrated with pomp and gaiety, heartbreak follows. Rich generals are good-humoured with their inferiors ("What! Drunk so early?" they say jocularly to a reeling groom), generals' sons seduce the buxom hired help (Miss Elina Bystritskaya is eminently seducible), livid lovers soundly horsewhip them. And quiet flows the Don—though just where it will eventually take us is hard to guess at this stage. Superbly directed and photographed, in Sovcolor, it has English subtitles.

THIS WEEK'S FILMS

THE BRAVADOS—Gregory Peck, Joan Collins, Stephen Boyd, Albert Salmi, Henry Silva. Directed by Henry King.

IMITATION GENERAL—Glenn Ford, Red Buttons, Taina Elg, Tige Andrews. Directed by George Marshall.

QUIET FLOWS THE DON—Elina Bystritskaya, Pyotr Glebov, Zinaida Kirienko. From the novel by Mikhail Sholokhov. Directed by Sergei Gerasimov.



THRONE-ROOM: 1558 & 1958

The two Elizabeths in pictures from *Undoubted Queen* (Hutchinson £3 3s.), a richly-produced pictorial survey of the Queen's life. The compilers are H. Tatlock Miller and Loudon Sainthill, the well-known stage designer



BOOKS I AM READING

I confess to liking poetry

by SIRIOL HUGH-JONES

HERE AND THERE, with the desperate gallantry of an underground movement, poetry is being published. Editors of political and literary journals—brave, foolhardy men—regularly publish one little lonely poem, or maybe even two or three in a small defiant group. Publishers, wailing of irreparable loss, will even occasionally bring out an entire collection with the air of men who must needs do one good deed though they die for it. I have no idea whether anyone actually buys a book of poems just for pleasure any more, but if you were ever contemplating that rash act, I think that pleasure, and more, could be derived from two new books: *To Whom It May Concern*, by Alan Ross (Hamish Hamilton, 12s. 6d.), and *A Sense Of The World* by Elizabeth Jennings (10s. 6d., André Deutsch).

Mr. Ross's poems are personal, lyrical, worldly, private, sweet, sardonic, full of complex emotion expressed with economy and directness, a disturbing mixture of tenderness and wit, feeling and thinking, as haunting and habit-forming as the flavour of bitter chocolate. The work of some poets—I think immediately of Ross, Laurie Lee, Henry Reed, if I may be so bold—can become like guarded personal objects that you move carefully with you from house to house, unpacking them yourself and arranging them in the best light before you get on with the sensible business of tables and chairs. (This would be out of the question with *Paradise Lost*.)

Mr. Ross writes about extraordinary ordinary things, like love and travelling, and being at home, and going to the races, and

watching Stanley Matthews. His poems have a sensuous charm eased round a hard inner gravity, like a coiled spring in a velvet box. At the end of the book is a long, wonderful, unexpected poem about a wartime convoy engaged in action at sea, which is as exciting as *The Revenge*.

I am more nervous of Miss Jennings, who writes such spare, closely governed, intensely thought poems, feminine but not at all frail, in such a deliberately-guarded manner (this does not mean obscure or unintelligible, for she is crystal-clear) that just reading them is like disturbing a private meditation. Some of these poems were written after a visit she made to Italy on winning the Somerset Maugham award. Sometimes while reading them I thought them gentle, cool and bright as silver; then you notice they are somewhere around boiling point and dangerous to touch.

On, on to fiction, and *Theresa's Choice* (Constable, 18s.) a first novel by Rachel Cecil, who is Lord David Cecil's wife and the late Sir Desmond MacCarthy's daughter. It is as fresh and innocent—sometimes even apparently naïve, unless it is a double bluff—as a nursery chintz, the story of Theresa who is young in the late 1920s, goes to parties, and has to choose between sober Colin who is a doctor, enigmatic and seductive Ivor who paints, and enchanting elusive Edward who is a critic and is "extraordinary looking, almost bred away, but charming. Like a fragile intellectual bird." You will not be surprised to hear that he has a beautiful pale skin and long fingers with which he nervously taps his cigarettes, and

from the moment he appears on page 100 you know the others stand a poor chance, though Ivor puts up a hard fight and is compromisingly troublesome. It all slides along like a delicious wishfulfilment dream, full of talk and sentiment, and at times reminded me of a grown-up extended variation on *The Young Visitors*, a book I dote on. It conveys, by implication rather than explicitly, a clear picture of what can appear to be the vacillating heartlessness of the pure and young, who become easily confused by being able to love so many different people in such different way.

George Goodman's *A Time For Paris* (Michael Joseph, 15s.) has a superb jacket, a photograph (with so many master-photographers around, why does no one use them more for jackets?) of the back view of a young woman in a man's pyjama-top opening the window to Paris. The book is another version of that serviceable hardy theme, the young American chameleon-girl's conquest of Europe and search for true love through the breezy meadows of wild oats, and is funny in bits, a trifle too feverishly bright in others, and goes on too long.

Esther Terry Wright's *The Prophet Bird* (Bodley Head, 15s.) also has a superb cover of a young woman, wearing nothing at all this time, by my favourite jacket-man Charles Mozley. This is the story of a young woman who marries a wartime hero in the navy who has anti-social habits and cannot adjust to peacetime conditions. She has two sons (called The Black Douglas and Piers Plowman, no joking), endures poverty, debts, squalor and a nervous breakdown, but sticks by the constantly-disappearing war-hero because of his immense physical attraction—something notoriously hard to convey in words, and the man seemed to me the least appealing hero in fiction for months.

This novel puzzled me a great deal. Much of it seemed to me atrociously mannered, arty and self-conscious, sounding at times like cod-Hemingway (the passionate lovers get married "at the end of the week, Mary having decided that she much preferred a husband with one leg, because they found that they were very happy together, and

needed each other, and both liked fried rice." "I can fry it," says Mary about this rice, "I fry it first so that each grain is separate, and then I boil it very fast and shake it dry, every grain dry, like shot. And then I eat it. Rice is my favourite food bar none. Cooked like that.") The heroine is also quite ferociously upper-class, against common accents and for culture, and writes her husband love-poems in French (and you would think that if she were going to quote nine of the best-known words Walter de la Mare ever wrote, she could avoid getting one of them wrong).

An exacerbating, infuriating book, yet on the other hand it has a real life about it, a sort of blatant honesty under the artiness, and when it comes to writing about the real horrors, like being very ill, having no money to pay the bills, fighting hospitals that have imprisoned your children and schoolmasters who have punished them dishonestly, then the whole thing catches fire. A rum book. "This endearing young couple . . ." says the jacket, which seems determined to look on the right side of things, "... meet their troubles not with anger or self-pity, but with irrepressible zest and laughter," which is not quite how it appeared to me. The jacket goes on to one of those trumpet-blasts that are now so popular: the book "is a tonic—and reassurance; as long as there are people like this the English spirit will not be stifled." It's not Miss Wright's fault, but I wish blurbs could go easy on the English spirit and stop being so *bracing*.

I have also been reading . . . **Strangers In My Bed** by Evelyn Lancaster (Secker and Warburg, 18s.) yet more about Eve, the multiple-personality case who turned out to have four faces after all, the fourth being that of the author of this book. It all seems astonishingly glib and slick and glassy, when you remember what has actually happened to the writer, and her husband must be a remarkably stout fellow, immune to coy compliments in print. Eve has been a fascinating girl in all her versions, and now I honestly feel I have had enough. This thing is getting to be bigger than all of us. . . . **Strictly Legal** by Fenton Bresler (Allen Wingate, 8s. 6d.) a jolly and I feel sure perfectly practical joke about how to behave badly without getting caught. . . . **The Lost One** by Dana Lyon (Gollancz, 12s. 6d.) which is a thriller on the now popular theme of baby-kidnapping, full of horrible dottiness, un-cosy. . . . **Alastair Boyd's Sabbatical Year** (Cape, 15s.), a funny, wry, civilized first novel about a medium-innocent young man in pursuit of literature and pursued by misplaced love . . . and **Victorian Days And A Royal Friendship** (Littlebury, 17s. 6d.) an enchanting memoir by Emily Diana Baird, who died in 1926. The manuscript was discovered two years ago, together with 50 letters, here published, from Princess Christian, mother of the late Princess Marie-Louise. This dear, domestic, simple little book starts: "Before memory fails altogether I am going to write down things I do remember," and tells you, among other things, that the future Kaiser of Germany, then a small boy in a sailor suit, tried to bite one of his uncles in the leg during the Prince of Wales's wedding (the Princess was late, a thing which in itself often provokes leg-biting).



Lenare

**Miss Tessa Beresford Yarde
to Mr. Edward Hale**

She is the younger daughter of Air Vice-Marshall Brian Yarde, C.V.O., C.B.E., & Mrs. Yarde, of East Cholderton, near Andover. He is the only son of Mr. E. N. Hale, of Pucklechurch, Glos., & the late Mrs. Hale



Lenare

**Miss Patricia Blagden
to Mr. Richard A. G. Robinson**

She is the elder daughter of Mr. James Blagden, of Ebury Mews, and Mrs. Marwood Yeatman, of Goring, Oxfordshire. He is the son of Sir Roland Robinson, M.P., & Lady Robinson, of Carlton House Terrace



Harlip

**Miss Margaret Bury
to Mr. Christopher Eldred Hindson**

She is the daughter of Col. J. Bury, of Berden Lodge, near Bishop's Stortford, & Lady Fisher, of Horsell, Surrey. He is the son of Lt.-Col. & Mrs. R. E. Hindson, of Liss, Hants



Vandyk

**Miss Primrose Diana Wilson
to Capt. Ralph N. P. Reynolds**

She is the elder daughter of Major & Mrs. C. J. Wilson, of Northington, Alresford, Hants. He is the son of the late Lt.-Col. D. W. Reynolds, C.B.E., D.S.O., & of Mrs. Reynolds, of Chatsworth Court, Kensington

**Miss Elizabeth Ann Murray
to Mr. Robert Graham Carson**

She is the daughter of Dr. & Mrs. Ian Murray, of Bluerisk, Strathblane, Stirlingshire. He is the son of Mr. & Mrs. J. Glover Carson, of Greenways, Bardowie, Stirlingshire

Norton-Pratt



Donald S. Herbol

**Miss Patricia Ann Hardicker
to Mr. Timothy Peter Finch**

She is the daughter of Mr. & Mrs. Kenneth Hardicker, of Ampfield, Romsey, Hants. He is the son of Mr. & Mrs. Peter Finch, of The Woodlands, Bracon Ash, Norwich





Some of the loveliest
dresses now in the
big stores come
from the land best
known to women
for its jewelled
wristwatches

ZURICH is the centre of Switzerland's large and thriving ready-to-wear clothing industry, and a typical product is shown (*left*) on the landing stage of the Störchen Hotel there. Designed by Madame Hilde Haller, it is in a cloth woven with grey pure silk and real gold thread. It can be bought at Harrods, Knightsbridge, S.W.1.

Right: The simple treatment of this evening dress by Macola of Zurich allows the lovely fabric (black gauze woven in real gold thread with huge flower heads), to speak for itself. It also can be bought at Harrods, Knightsbridge.

Many of the Swiss Houses have such luxurious materials as these specially woven for them by weavers across the border in Lyons and in other leading European textile centres. The materials then remain exclusive to the Model House concerned. Apart from an extremely high standard of design this factor alone makes these expensive dresses attractive to British buyers who have to provide not-to-be-seen-everywhere dresses for their wealthy customers

High styles & fabulous fabrics from the Alps



Photographed in Zurich by
MICHEL MOLINARE

HIGH STYLES FROM THE ALPS *continued*

Zurich by night through a woman's eyes



Michel Molinare

SIMONE MARTY, young, pretty and vivacious, is Switzerland's leading woman designer. Her House is famous on the Continent and in the States for magnificent evening dresses. Always essentially feminine, her designs combine luxury with elegance, costliness with restraint. The three dresses shown on these pages come from her Autumn Collection and were photographed at a party held in the garden of her lovely lakeside home, a few miles outside Zurich. *Above:* An evening dress of pure-silk grey brocade, with a stole edged with sable. The dress is imported without the fur (owing to the prohibitive cost of exporting skins from Switzerland) which can be added if desired by Woollands, Knightsbridge. They have the dress in their model department



A rich, white faille, short evening dress, with a very full skirt. It is embroidered all over with silken flowers and jewels, and worn with a satin coat of a lovely Fragonard blue. Both the dress and coat can be bought at Harrods, Knightsbridge

Right: A Marty dress in a gleaming brown and gold brocade. The coat is made of the same brocade and has a collar of dark ranch mink. The dress and coat can be bought at Woollands, Knightsbridge, without the fur (which can be added)



HIGH STYLES
FROM THE
ALPS *continued*

For daytime wear

Switzerland has long been famous for its superlative knitwear, and foremost among the knitters and makers-up of jersey fabrics is the House of Hanro. Their suit in a grey-and-white Prince of Wales check (two-way-knit) costs about 31 gns. It can be bought at Marshall & Snelgrove, Oxford Street, W.1, and Kendal Milne, Manchester, at the end of September



Right: Perhaps the most sophisticated of all Switzerland's designers is Madame Hilde Haller. Inspired by Balenciaga, but with her own sensitive appreciation of colour, Madame Haller ignores any form of embroidery and trimming, relies exclusively on colour and fabric to illustrate her line. Her short black dress is made of facecloth, has a drawstring waist and a floating back panel. It can be bought at Woollands, Knightsbridge

Below: In Switzerland cotton is now being knitted into dress fabrics. This dress, by Nabholz, with a harem hemline is made in a printed creaseproof knitted-cotton fabric and can be bought at Marshall & Snelgrove, Leeds

Below right: Perfectly tailored dress in oatmeal wool by Lacola of Zurich. A brown suede belt is slotted under the bloused bodice. The dress can be bought at Harrods, Knightsbridge. Price : 22½ gns.



Michel Molinare



Ready for an Indian summer



THE THREE-PIECE shown on these pages would be perfect for an Indian Summer. It is in a light, pure wool, checked in autumnal spice-brown and black. A well-tailored three-piece—this one is by Crayson—is an essential outfit.

This page: Shown with its hip-length cardigan box jacket. Underneath reveals (*opposite*) a short, snappy, semi-fitted jacket, with little sleeves, whose bold collar is worn over its twin in the longer style. A straight skirt completes this three-piece.

It can be bought at all branches of Cresta, both in London and the provinces, and it costs 19½ gns. Also in sea-green and black, and blue and black Glen check wool. The beret is by Gina Davies.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY
PETER ALEXANDER

CHOICE FOR
THE WEEK





Many of the designs created by the first manufacturers of Waterford glass are being repeated for sets like the Hibernia suite *above* (decanter, £23; goblet, £5; champagne glass, £4 10s.; claret, £3 16s.; sherry, £3 3s.; tumbler £4 10s. and jug £18). Harvey Nichols and leading stores

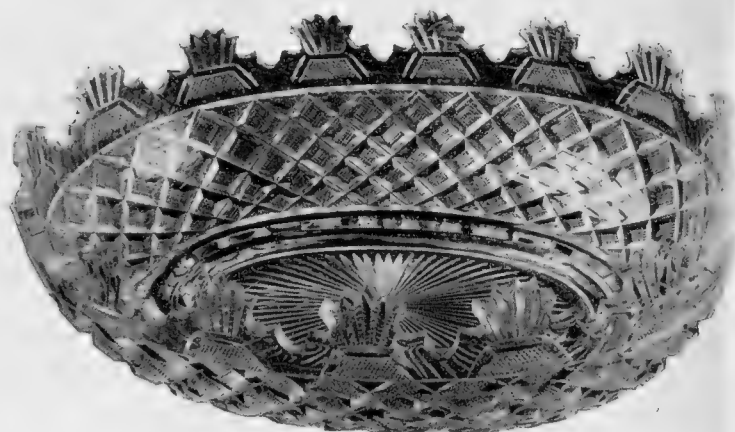


Ornate cut-glass patterns like the one used for the sugar bowl and cream set (*above*) were popular on Victorian teatables. The set costs £7. Harvey Nichols and other leading stores

SHOPPING

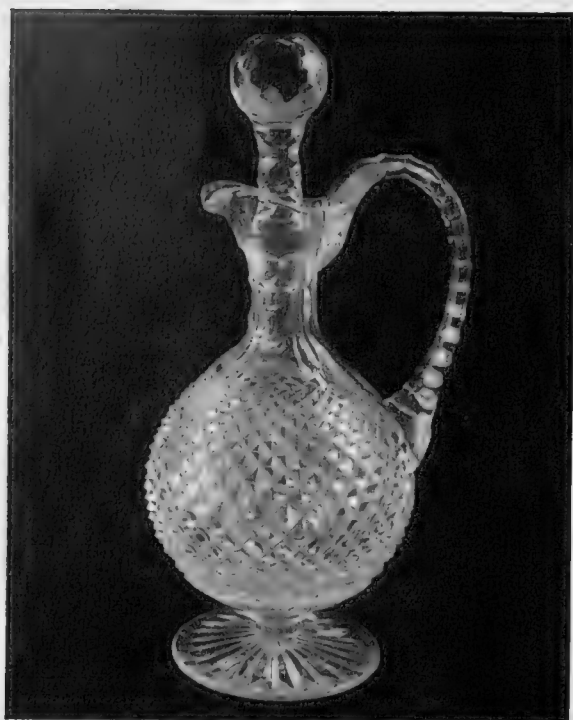
Old glitter in new glass

by JEAN STEELE



This bowl makes a fine effect with either fruit or flowers (£15).
Leading stores

The martini set includes a jug and six glasses (£6). Leading stores



Dennis Smith

This claret jug is also copied from an old design (£18). Leading stores



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BEAUTY

Make it a party —the American way

by JEAN CLELAND

In America, where beauty culture is taken seriously, many women regard it not only as a scientific promotion of good looks, but also as a kind of social activity. When slimming, for instance, they like to join forces, so they meet to compare notes and share meagre diets.

I thought of this the other day at the opening of a new beauty salon in Albemarle Street. It is run by Joy Byrne (her hairdressing salon on the ground floor of the same building has been established for some time) and it reflects American methods. It has some interesting and up-to-date innovations.

Miss Byrne provides special services with her beauty treatments. One which many will appreciate is the three-course light luncheon which can be had on the premises. "Country clients," said Miss Byrne, "are very taken with this. A woman can come up for the day, have a beauty treatment, and a hair-do, meet a friend and have lunch without moving out of the building." I asked what could be had for lunch, and was told quite a variety of light dishes such as omelettes, bacon & eggs, scrambled eggs etc., or slimming lunches consisting of salads & non-fattening dishes.

What better venue for slimmers than a beauty salon run on these lines. In addition to slimming lunches, Miss Byrne has something else which emanates from America, which she regards as her "pièce-de-résistance." This is an electronic "spot-reducing" muscle exerciser, which is made in this country exclusively for her. It is on the lines

of one which she saw recently in the States. This machine works on the muscles and can be concentrated on any spot that needs reducing, such as the hips, waist, thighs or tummy. A client who is rushed for time can have the treatment while she is under the hair-dryer.

Before leaving the salon, I had a look at some private cubicles for hairdressing on the same floor. They were installed specially for clients who want a complete re-grooming of hair and face, or even some spot reducing without going from one floor to another. Each cubicle is fitted with a telephone, and, should the client require attention while under the dryer, she can push a bell which flashes a light into the outer rooms both up and downstairs.

Reducing one particular area is very different from slimming all over. This entails losing weight. When such is the case great care must be taken to prevent the face from sagging or getting drawn. The skin and underlying muscles must be kept firm, and since I know of no one more knowledgeable and more expert in this particular field than Maria Hornes, I went along to have a talk with her.

"As you know," she said, "the muscles form the framework that holds the contours. If they get slack, the face becomes flabby. If, on the other hand, they are strong and thoroughly braced, they keep a firm clear line that is extremely youthful."

"In my muscle firming and face lifting treatment," said Madame Hornes, "deep massage—which is really more like manipulation—is concentrated on those muscles upon which the framework depends. One of the most important of these is the 'masseter' which lies just in front of the lobes of the ears. Another runs from mouth to nose, another along the jaw, and another round the eyes.

"In instructional lessons, which are separate from the treatment, clients are shown exercises and certain movements which can be done at home, and which greatly assist in speeding up the good work."

Slimming by machine

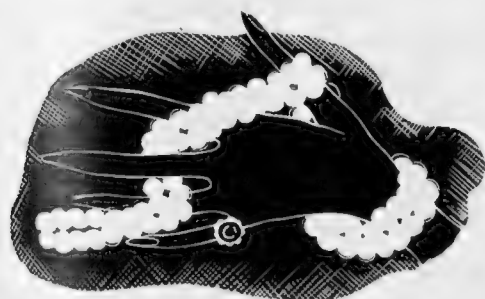
Spot-reducing—taking off selected inches—becomes easy with the Rejuvenator. This is an electronic muscle-exerciser, now made in England. The pictures show it being used on the shoulder muscles (above) and on the upper arms (below)



Wilfrid Newton

I asked how many of these lessons were necessary. "I advise two," said Madame Hornes, "One, in which I show the client how to do it, and the second in which she shows me, so that I can correct the mistakes, and believe me there are usually enough to keep us busy. After the second lesson, a client should be able to carry on with confidence, and with sufficient knowledge to obtain good results. Should she find later on, however, that she has forgotten any particular movements, she can always come back to me, and I will give her further instruction, free of charge."

Fundamental principles such as I have described here, form some of the basic treatments for figure and face.



MOTORING

Cars for the masses—it's happening

by GORDON WILKINS

"WACKER," said my friend (from which you may deduce that the conversation took place somewhere to the north of the Midlands), "Wacker, there's no depression here. We're going downwards and outwards. It's weeks since I sold a car to a person of intelligence. If anyone comes into the showroom with a bowler hat and umbrella, the boys take cover. They reckon he's just come in because it's raining.

"I don't need salesmen; I just want good contact men. I have one boy who put 28 cars into a local pub. We've got a housing estate near here. They pay 22s. 6d. a week in rent, their kids are educated free and the State fills 'em up with orange juice and free meals. We put 40 cars in there in a few weeks. There are no garages. They stand in the street and the local authority is going mad.

"You wonder why we're back to big seasonal fluctuations in second-hand car prices? I'll tell you. They buy a car and stand it in the street all summer. Comes the winter, they flog it and start paying on a 21-inch telly.

"A while back a bank manager came in with his wife. Paying fees for two boys at school and a mortgage on his house. They

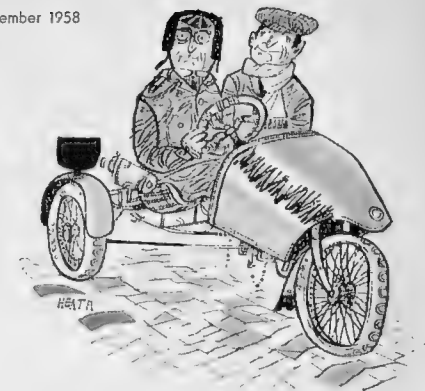
spent an hour wondering whether they could afford to pay the difference between an Anglia and a Prefect. While they were at it another of the boys flogged a second-hand Zephyr to a railway fireman. No wonder the banks are getting into hire purchase.

"They wander into the showroom with no ties on. You don't know whether they want a job or a Zodiac. You can forget all your technical sales talk up here. Suspension. Steering. Brakes. Transmission. They don't want to know. We sold 430 cars and only gave eight demonstrations. The whole family comes in. They walk round it and look at the colour. Then Dad sits inside, twiddles the wheel, waggles the gear lever and works the direction indicators. Once he's done he turns round to Ma who's sitting in the back and asks, 'What d'ya think?'

"'Lovely,' she says, bouncing on the seat and switching on the roof lamp. After that there are only three questions to answer:

"'How much a month will it cost?', 'How many miles per gallon?', and 'How much for the old car?'

"They don't worry about the performance. One geezer said to me: 'I trot on a bit you know. Get the old foot down when the road is clear.' So I said: 'Well this is a



nice fast car, sir. It will do 60 in second.'

"'Don't be ridiculous,' he said. 'Where can you do 60 in England?' I said: 'Nowhere, of course. It's just a point of technical interest.'

"The youngsters are more interested in what she'll do. I sold an Austin-Healey to a boy of 19 working on a barge. He said paying the instalments on a car was the only way he could save money.

"And they don't quibble about the extras. I have one boy who never delivers a car without putting a set of loose covers inside. They pay cash, too.

"I've only had one repossession in nine years and the finance companies have only turned down one deal since the war. The client was an unemployed window-cleaner, and his mother was going to pay the instalments. But the insurance companies are going crackers.

"Downwards and outwards, Wacker. Ta-ta."

Trial by insurance

"The Minister said: 'The manner in which house-letting is conducted, the rents charged and any allowances given are matters within the discretion of the property market and I see no reason for the appointment of a committee of inquiry.'"

You can imagine the scene in the House if he had said anything of the kind. It would have brought down the government. But as the subject was motor insurance the Minister of Transport was able to give an answer to this effect and get away with it. The government makes insurance compulsory but delivers the motorist over to the discretion of the market and refuses to concern itself with how he gets his cover.

This pharisaical attitude is not good enough. Insurance companies can virtually disqualify drivers they dislike by refusing insurance or quoting rates so high that the victim cannot pay them. It may be in the public interest that drivers with bad records should be kept off the roads but it is doubtful whether the decision should lie in the hands of private individuals concerned solely with profit and loss.

Sometimes the government seems to have little idea of the facts of life. Its costly system of testing old cars is largely duplicated by the insurance companies, many of whom already refuse to cover a pre-war car without an engineer's certificate of fitness.

We should never forget that over the past 30 years British Governments have multiplied accidents and driven up the cost of car insurance by their persistent refusal to spend the road taxes on building the roads needed to accommodate the increasing traffic.

YOU'LL SEE THESE AT THE MOTOR SHOW



THE BRISTOL 406 and the Porsche Cabriolet D are two of the new high-performance models which will be seen at Earls Court in October. The 12-cylinder 3-litre Gran Turismo Ferrari will be seen in London for the first time, the David Brown group is preparing a sleek new Gran Turismo Aston Martin. There will probably be an extra body for the Continental Bentley.

The Bristol 406 (top) which replaces the 405, has an engine enlarged to 2.2 litres, giving 105 horsepower; there are disc brakes on all four wheels and rear suspension is improved. Reclining seats have ingenious retractable headrests.

The Porsche cabriolet (below) replaces the Speedster. It has larger wind-screen, better hood (giving more headroom), and more comfortable seats.



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LILLET



DINING OUT

With or without chopsticks

by ISAAC BICKERSTAFF

CHINESE RESTAURANTS are sprouting like bamboo shoots; there is a stand devoted to Chinese delicacies at the Food Fair, and a large party was given at the Savoy last week for the sole purpose of introducing new foods from China. Nor is this sudden increase in Chinese eating restricted to London. What has caused it? Personally, the more I explore the subtleties of Chinese dishes, the more I appreciate them.

I like the way in which they can be varied, and over the last 12 months I have listed some 20 or 30 favourites on which I can ring the changes. *I like* the idea of four or five different delicacies, all served at once on hot plates, from which you can pick a little here and there and choose the one most to your taste. *I like* the way Chinese food is prepared. With the exception of the many sauces, sweet and sour, 90 per cent is cooked fresh to your order. You cannot, for example, fry rice noodles, bamboo shoots, little bits of lobster, etc., in oil twice, so pre-cooking and reheating is almost non-existent.

I like the way their food is served, always cut up into small pieces so that there is no need for a knife and fork, or even a spoon. If you are fond of Chinese food use chopsticks. You can become expert in a short time, and it is a leisurely and delicate performance, and a compliment to the *cuisine* (I often use them at home). The wooden ones, usually of bamboo, are the cheapest and the best. *I like* the service I get from Chinese waiters, always ready to smile, and eager to help and advise. *I like* drinking "saki," which is a rice wine, with Chinese food. It must be served well warmed; chilled, as an aperitif, it loses all its flavour. Also I find a well chilled Niersteiner quite successful.

Finally *I like* the price I have to pay. Unless you are reckless you can get a remarkable meal for remarkably little money.

I am "on safari" in the Chinese restaurant world, and here list a few I have used for some time, and some which have only just opened. There will certainly be more to come.

Many of the directors and proprietors of Chinese restaurants are as interesting as their food and are always glad to help you in ordering it; Mr. Chong Mong Young,

An investigation into some of the restaurants catering to the boom in Chinese food

for example, proprietor of the HONG KONG RESTAURANT in Shaftesbury Avenue, probably the largest Chinese restaurant in London. He has been there 17 years and in Chinese restaurants in England for 38. He came from Hong Kong and married a lady from Sandwich in Kent, who runs his Chinese Emporium in Rupert Street, W.1, where you can buy not only Chinese foodstuffs, but Chinese tableware as well. Both are always ready to make friends and give advice.

It was here that I had the first Chinese dish I ever tasted, High Yuk Sook Mai Tong Har Biang—cream corn and crab-meat soup with prawn crackers.

The chef at the Hong Kong is Kou Soei who has been there for 30-odd years.

Then there is Mr. C. P. Zee, who owns four Chinese restaurants:



THE ASIATIQUE in Irving Street, off Leicester Square (where Ernest Bevin was a regular and has a dish named after him); THE ASIATIQUE at 9 New College Parade, Finchley Road, Swiss Cottage; THE GOOD EARTH, 316 King's Road, Chelsea, which has a Chop-Suey Bar apart from its restaurant, and THE RICE BOWL, 27 Pelham Street, South Kensington. Mr. Zee came over from Shanghai, went to school at Mill Hill, and passed on to Trinity College, Cambridge, where he took engineering (he did wartime work on aero engines). When he eventually went into the restaurant business he was in the Chinese Embassy and took the eminent Embassy chef, Hwong, with him.

Chef Hwong commands the kitchens of the Asiatique in Irving Street, and if you want to taste some of his masterpieces you should order them a couple of days before your visit.

Another new restaurant is THE



FU TONG, 29 Kensington High Street where a bamboo cage full of twittering Eastern finches adds to the inclination to relax provided by the lighting and the *décor*, and for once there is plenty of room. Fu Tong, the proprietor, was for many years crew superintendent on Shell tankers. Being able to speak eight Chinese dialects he was highly successful.

From Kensington to 61 Edgware Road to THE LOTUS HOUSE, a smart and large restaurant which stays open to 2 a.m. There is music and you can dance, and I shall remember to duck "cooked in the Chinese way" for a long time. This is directed by Mr. John Koon, who also controls the oldest Chinese restaurant in London, THE CATHAY, at 4—Glasshouse Street, W.1, opened in 1908. He is only 31, but he stands in his father's kitchen at 13 and has been through every department of a Chinese restaurant. Most customers at The Lotus House are waiters; I can best describe as international; people who have been in places and know their way about.

Back to Kensington High Street, where you find THE YANGTZE at Troy Court. This restaurant, operated by Mr. H. S. Leung, has only been opened for a week or so. It is gay and bright, has all the drinks you want (provided you are eating), and the extensive menu is written, not only in Chinese with the English translation, but in Chinese characters as well.

Trinity College, Cambridge, seems to be a favourite with gentlemen from China because one of the directors of THE SHANGRI LA, 233 Brompton Road, is Mr. Tan. He not only went to Trinity, but played tennis for his college and became so expert that he found his way to Wimbledon.

He is only too willing to guide you through the mysteries of a Chinese menu if you are on unfamiliar ground, as is his manager and brother-in-law, V. H. Boger. His chef, straight from Hong Kong and an expert at classic Cantonese cooking, has the almost unpronounceable name of Ng; the best one can do is to try and say *ing* leaving out the *i*.

Another Chinese restaurant which has maintained its reputation for quality and reasonable prices is CHOW'S in Frith Street, W.1. They have opened another branch at 172 King's Road, Chelsea.

At 41 Wardour Street is THE GOLDEN BAMBOO, opened nearly two

years ago by Mr. Nien Chan. He was Chinese chef at the Four Hundred Club for six years, so you get very good food.

LEY ON'S CHOP-SUEY RESTAURANT has been a landmark in Wardour Street, W.1, for more than 30 years. The late Mr. Ley On was a keen racing enthusiast, his greatest victory being when he won the 2,000 Guineas with Ki Ming in 1951. It is now controlled by the trustees for Madame Ley On, Mr. Somerset and Mr. Newton. Head chef Jo King, who has been there for 25 years, is in charge, with 12 Chinese cooks in heavy support.

For good measure there is a brand-new Chinese restaurant, THE UNIVERSAL in St. Martin's Lane. This is bright, clean and simple with cheerful service and excellent Chinese food at reasonable prices. Here the people who matter to you for advice and contentment are restaurant-manager Chan Nai Chung, head-waiter Bill Lee, and chef Leong Yng-Yai.

So grab your chopsticks, which in Chinese are called "Faai Jee," which means "quick little boys," and sally forth.

If you want to bring a happy smile to the face of your Chinese waiter, say "thank you" in Chinese, which is "Dor Jeer."

Books about it

Dr. Cheng, for four years Chinese Ambassador in London, has written a charming book—*The Musings Of A Chinese Gourmet*, (Hutchinson, 12s. 6d.). In it he explains that the Chinese, throughout their history, have regarded the culinary art as an integral part of the cultured life of their country; in fact, an essential part of the art of living.

Another book from which I get a great deal of interesting information and pleasure is *The Joy Of Chinese Cooking*, written and illustrated by Doreen Yen Hung Feng (Faber & Faber, 25s.), which is an enchanting, comprehensive and practical guide to Chinese food, with a good deal of Chinese mythology and history woven into its pages.

If this is too expensive, try *Chinese Cooking* by Frank Oliver (Andre Deutsch, 10s. 6d.). The author spent a lot of time in China and although he explored the cooking of every region he never came across Chop Suey. It was, of course, a made-up dish, specially prepared for American customers by pioneer Chinese restaurateurs in New York and San Francisco.

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DINING IN

Art and partridges

by HELEN BURKE

AFTER enjoying simply roasted or grilled partridges, one moves on to more exciting presentations of these meaty little birds, and one of the best dishes for a party is Partridges in Cream, probably because they will wait, well covered, in a cool oven for up to 15 minutes.

Allow $\frac{1}{2}$ to 1 partridge per person and, for 4 birds, plan to use a casserole (an iron one is ideal) just large enough to allow them to rest together in it in one layer. This is always good practice, because one need not then have too much liquid.

Cook 2 to 3 sliced small carrots and an onion in about 2 oz. butter, without colouring them. Add a couple of leaves of celery (the paler ones) and a small bay leaf (or even half a small one). Season to taste. Place the partridges, with their livers inside them, on this bed of vegetables. Pour over them 2 oz. brandy, heat through and set alight. When the flames die down, add a burgundy glass of dry white wine and enough chicken or veal bone stock to come half-way up the birds. Cover down closely with buttered greaseproof paper, put on the lid and cook very gently for 35 to 40 minutes on top of the stove or in the oven at 300 to 325 degrees Fahr. or gas mark 2 to 3.

Lift out the birds and keep them hot. Remove the vegetables. Place the casserole over a quickish heat to reduce the stock.

Meanwhile, cook together in a covered pan for 3 minutes (even less), over a good strong heat, 6 to 8 oz. thinly sliced, tiny unopened mushrooms, 1 teaspoon lemon juice (to keep them white), 1 oz. butter and 2 tablespoons water. Add to the stock, together with $\frac{1}{4}$ pint double cream, and heat through.

Cut the partridges in halves through the backbones and breasts

and place them in a heated serving-dish, the halves overlapping each other. Pour the mushroom-cream sauce over them and serve.

If you are of a frugal nature, it is quite permissible to rub the carrots and onion through a sieve or reduce them to a purée in an electric blender and add them to the stock. They have not been cooked over-long and are full of the flavour of the partridges.

Partridge, braised with cabbage or savoy, is another dish liked by many, but not ideal for those who cannot digest cabbage cooked for more than a few minutes. It is a good way to treat the older birds.

For 2 partridges (for 4 servings), cut a firm cabbage into quarters and drop them into rapidly boiling water for 5 minutes. Transfer them to a colander and let cold water run through them. Remove and discard all coarse leaves and any tough ribs.

Have ready in a casserole 4 to 6 oz. diced unsmoked bacon, an onion with a clove stuck in it, a *bouquet garni* and freshly milled pepper to taste. Add the drained cabbage, a savoloy sausage and a little stock to moisten the mixture. Cover and simmer for a few minutes. Meanwhile, brush the partridges with creamed butter and brown them quickly in a hot oven (425 degrees Fahr. or gas mark 7). Press them, breasts downwards, into the cabbage, cover tightly and slowly braise them for 1½ hours. Discard the onion and the *bouquet garni*.

Place the cabbage on a heated serving-dish with the halved partridges on top. Garnish with the sausage, cut in slices.

Sliced carrots, cooked in a little butter and water then placed around the partridges, add not only to the appearance but also to the flavour of the dish.



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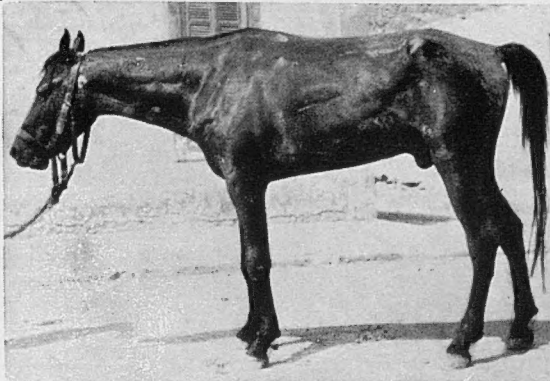
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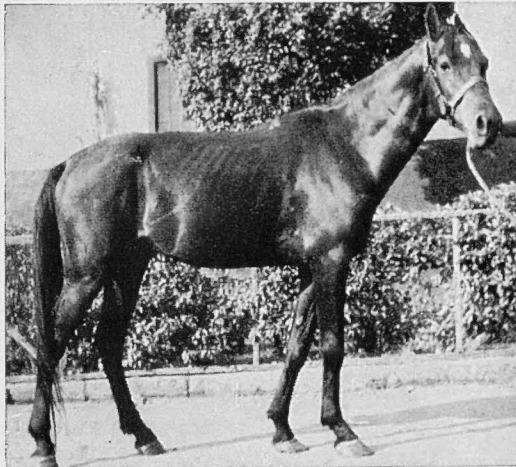
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